

Songs
Amid the Shadows.



~~F-46.103~~
~~B6843~~

By
MARY BOWMAN.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
4857



SONGS AMID THE SHADOWS.

W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET, BRISTOL.



SONGS AMID THE SHADOWS

BY THE LATE
HETTY BOWMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS FOR WORKERS AND SUFFERERS,"
"STUDIES IN THE PSALMS," "CHRISTIAN DAILY LIFE,"
"ELSIE ELLIS," "THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTIAN
LIFE," ETC.

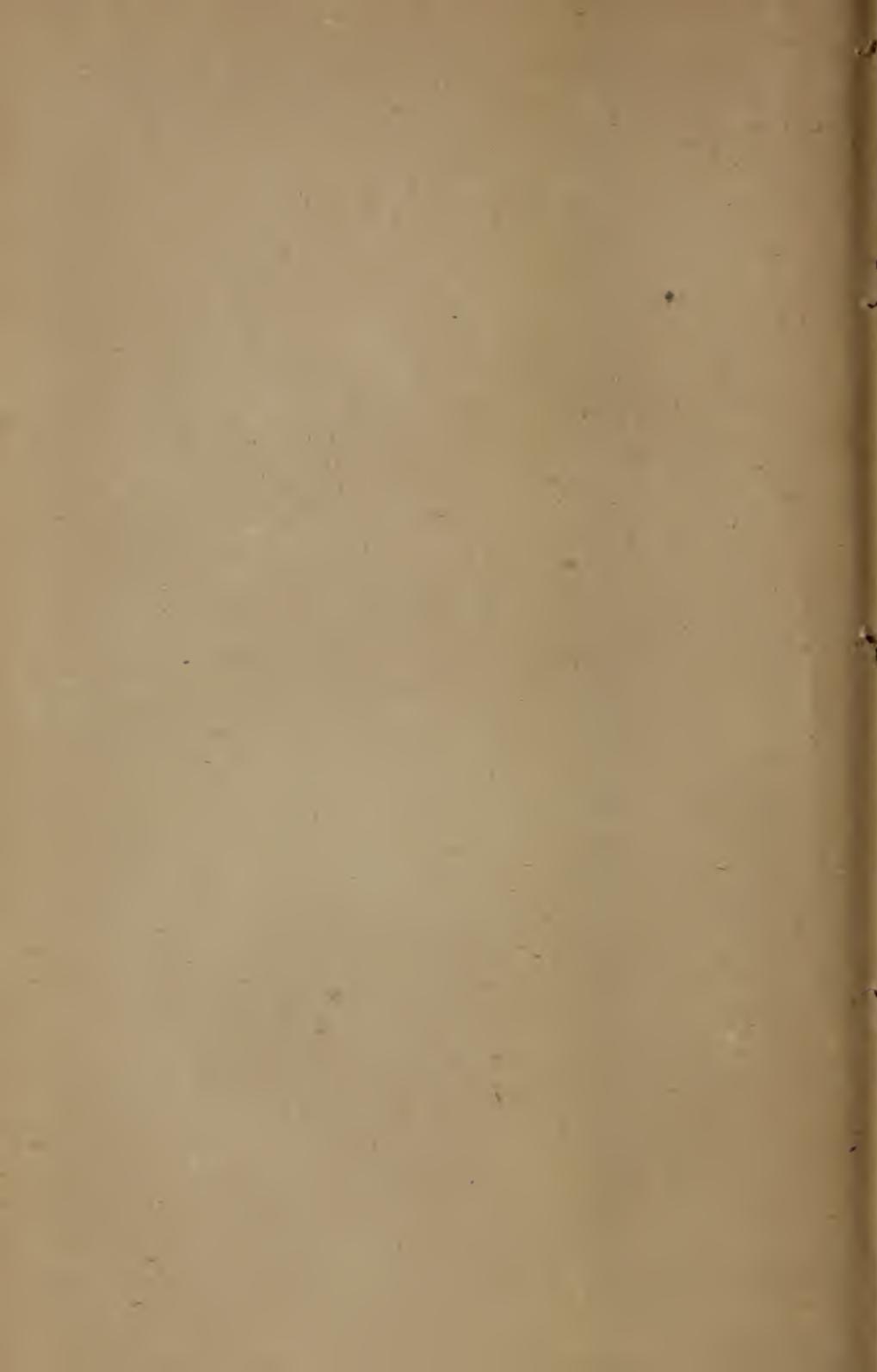
WITH INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

BY
MRS GORDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOME LIFE OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER," "WORK,"
"WORKERS," "SUNBEAMS IN THE COTTAGE," "LADY
ELINOR," "LITTLE MILLIE," ETC. ETC.

Second Edition.—Sixty Thousand.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.
BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.



INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

SOME lives are so like the violet in their modest beauty and fragrance, that it seems ruthless to drag them before the public ; yet their lessons of rare wisdom and holiness are so much needed by the Church, in these days of glare and glitter, that one cannot help longing to record them. All who knew the authoress of these sweet " Songs amid the Shadows," experience this double feeling. Her own wish, expressed on her deathbed, settles the question, however ; and, in accordance with that wish, these few words are not to be in any sense biographical.

Over the lovely and holy life of Hetty Bowman, the quiet home sufferer, who made "sunshine" in many a "shady place," we draw a veil ; but Hetty Bowman, the Christian worker, we may judge from her works. At an early age she began to write, and her books from first to last bear a strong stamp of individuality, and, indeed, are almost autobiographical. Like the architect who "built his great heart into the stones," this gentle woman built hers into her books, and thus reached many another heart by the simple weapons of truth and reality.

Her first book, "Life, its Duties and Discipline," was published in 1859, and her second, "Christian

Daily Life," in 1860. In both works, "Christianity" as a "Life," and not a mere state, or profession, or theory, is graphically and practically depicted. We find much of the even balance of judgment, the practical piety, the vivid knowledge of character, which showed so remarkably in her after life. The chapter in the former called "Lights and Shades of the Inner Life," and, in the latter, "Heart Work," are peculiarly searching and helpful. Years after "Christian Daily Life" was written, it was a great joy and encouragement to its author to hear that it had been the means of conversion to two sisters,—especially as she was often saddened by the belief that she had been little used in direct conversion work, though few writers had more abundant testimony of the blessing conveyed by her "words in season."

Her next book, "Our Village Girls," has reached a sixth edition, and well deserves an even wider popularity, being peculiarly suited for reading aloud at girls' classes or working parties, while it has its helpful message also to those who, like "Edith Weston," desire to use their gifts of influence and teaching over the future wives and mothers of their neighbourhood.

"Thoughts for Workers and Sufferers" is perhaps one of Hetty Bowman's best-known and most useful writings, in which the union of work, suffering, and consolation, so common in the lot of the Lord's own children, is vividly depicted. The key-note of it may be found in these lines, which, with other original verses, are interspersed :—

" My Master and my Lord !

I long to do some work—some work for Thee ;

I long to bring some lowly gift of love,
For all Thy love to me !

“The harvest-fields are white,—
Send me to gather there some scattered ears :
I have no sickle bright ; but I can glean,
And bind them in with tears.”

And again—

“I have no strength, dear Lord !
Oh ! let me lie where I can kiss Thy feet,
And look up from the dust into Thine eyes,
That are so true and sweet !

“And come, oh ! come to me,
And raise me to Thine arms, and teach me there
The strange deep secrets of Thy love, and bend
To listen this my prayer.”

In this book, in the chapter entitled “The Power of Christ,” we find the germ of views which she adopted later, and brought out more fully in other works. “Have you ever considered, reader, how much the power of Christ might do for you in overcoming besetting sin? . . . You are passionate, perhaps, or impatient, or indolent. You acknowledge and often mourn over your fault, but there the matter ends. You do not strive for mastery, determined to give no quarter and allow no truce. On the contrary, you are very apt to compromise with your enemy, treating him as a kind of pet wild-beast given you to keep, for whose wilful outbreaks you are hardly responsible. As to the day ever arriving when your impatience or passion shall be under thorough control, and your indolence roused to self-denying effort, of this you have not the most remote expectation. . . . Is the power of Christ too small

to turn your passion to patience, or your pride to meekness? . . . Our own power we may doubt, but never His."

Some time after writing this book, she expressed to me her yearnings after a higher state of holiness and conformity to the will of the Lord. The doctrine of holiness by faith — *i.e.*, simply receiving "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30)—though as old as the Word of God itself, was at that time being freshly developed in the teaching and experience of the Church. I shall never forget the eager interest with which she spoke of this as likely to meet the inner need of entire consecration, which so many of the Lord's people have lately been brought to experience. It was not till a visit to Malvern in 1869, where she enjoyed many opportunities of Christian teaching, that she saw the scriptural nature of the doctrine so strongly, that, while her next work, "Studies in the Psalms," was passing through the press, she, at much trouble and expense, cancelled the printed pages in which she feared she had not been sufficiently explicit.

In the amended work, she writes on Ps. lxviii. 28, with the Prayer-book version, "That which Thou hast wrought in us," compared with Isa. xxvi. 12, "Thou also hast wrought all our works in us"— "Only let us remember through all that it is Christ who 'worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure.' He gives Himself to conquer sin in us, as He gave Himself to conquer it for us. It is because we do not grasp this truth firmly that we have to complain so much of the want of settled peace in Him. We go on making efforts after holiness, instead of giving ourselves up to Him to be made holy.

Hence we feel too sorrowfully that sin *has* ‘dominion over us,’ although God’s command is (and He never gives impossible precepts), that it ‘shall not.’ Must we not confess that some who hold and teach with noble clearness the truth of justification through Christ alone do not so clearly teach, even if they hold it, that of sanctification through Christ alone? Here, too, is the point at which we must aim,—not so much at subduing this sin or that, as at deeper oneness of spirit with Him who fights in us and overcomes. Compare John xv. 4, 5.”

That she held fast to the end the precious revelation or “unveiling” of Christ, who is “the Doer, rather than the Helper” (as I have heard it well put), we may see from her last work, completed during the winter immediately preceding her death, and published soon after. In her “Leaves from Letters,” there are two short but forcible chapters, “Christ our King,” in which she writes:—“I believe the whole secret of victory lies here,—in looking, not to ourselves, for in us there is nothing which can conquer, but straight up to our King. . . . So, when temptation arises, let us not even try to meet it, but in a moment throw ourselves helplessly back on Christ, sending up the cry of the heart, ‘Lord, fight for me now,—Lord, undertake for me now.’ We cannot tell how He will do it. Sometimes it may be by turning the battle aside altogether—sometimes by so covering us with the shield of His love, that we lose sight of everything else. But in one way or other He will do it. Let us only trust Him, and He will show us how.”

This is well followed up by another chapter, called “Salvation, Past, Present, and Future,” which has been honoured by being inserted as a leading article

in a number of *The Christian*, that most helpful of religious periodicals.

There was one feature of her natural character which was sanctified and developed by grace into a rare and useful gift, a candour and breadth of mind which made her look at every subject from all sides. While this enlarged her sympathies and developed a sweet and rare charity, it enabled her to see the dangers of even her own most cherished views, if inadvertently broached or unfaithfully held. The error of expecting "perfection of the flesh" she carefully guarded against, and was ever cautious lest she might cause others to stumble. She wrote to me, however, — "I think the Higher Life, like all of God's truths, must be in some measure a sign which shall be spoken against, that 'the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.' It is only those who, far beyond the measure of most Christians, become as little children, who receive it instead of stumbling at it. But I am sure one needs much of Jesus' long-suffering in trying to show it to others—giving our own testimony, and then waiting God's time to lead them Himself. For the lessons, as well as the fruit-bearing of His children, have their season, and we can't anticipate them for one another. I have always found myself that, if in any measure God has led me to show it to others, it has been where I have just asked Him to prepare the way, and open their hearts to take it from His hand."

Her wide sympathies, along with much playful wit, and an observation of character so discerning, that, had it not been sanctified, it might have proved a foible and snare, pointed out another opening for her literary powers—instruction in a narrative form, fictitious, yet so simple and unsensational as to be

little but the record of daily lives such as our own, and so true to nature as to be full of interest. "The Autobiography of Elsie Ellis" peculiarly possesses these qualities, and was believed by many readers to be a real autobiography. Some of the earlier chapters, indeed, describe her own childhood and girlhood, and the scenes amid which her early years were passed. "Elsie Ellis," and another tale, "Lily Hope and her Friends," were first published in the *Christian Treasury*; the former was soon after republished separately, and the latter is about to appear in its new form. In these works we see that intimate knowledge and recognition of the trials and the possibilities of girlhood, which was such a great help to her in the work of her last years. The "girls" of these two works are very real girls—wayward and trusting, tempted and conquering, headstrong yet capable of guidance; and just the necessary portion is given to each, line gently put upon line, precept tenderly added to precept. So was it in her personal teaching. One special and favourite work was teaching Bible-classes for young ladies, both during her residence at Clifton, and latterly at Southport. Practically and ably she taught them out of the Word of God; but still more valuable were her personal dealings with each—often, when little able to see any one, admitting their visits, encouraging their confidence, and certainly helped in winning some of their souls.

The conversation in her narrative writings is sparkling and animated, while much instruction is conveyed by its means. The "talk" carried on with or in the presence of invalids is peculiarly rich in grace and wisdom. Indeed, in every one of her books there is a special portion for the sick; and "Evelyn

Howard" is a small book, also in the narrative form, which is entirely addressed to invalids. Her long years of personal suffering taught her such varied aspects of invalid life—itself a little world—that were all the chapters dedicated to this subject gathered together, and printed separately for circulation in sick-rooms, a valuable boon would be bestowed ; while, on the other side, the treatment of invalids receives many a quiet and useful hint,—*vide*, that most practical chapter in her "Letter Leaves", "On Visiting Invalids." I find her, December 2, 1871, writing thus :—' This, in the way of work, is all that I can attempt at present—generally, indeed, I am able only to learn to do God's will in doing nothing. I have never been so weak and miserable as I am now, besides suffering much more acute pain than formerly. Ah! how one loves to remember the 'cleft of the rock !' The Hand that put us there *keeps* us there ; there is no opening save through that Hand, and so all that comes to us through that *must* be blessing. Do you remember an idea of Denham Smith's, that the branches which are being pruned are always near to the hand of Jesus ? And don't you love the *two waitings* in Isa. xxx. 18—the Lord waiting to bless, His people waiting for the blessing ? We little know how much it may cost Him, so to speak, to keep us there in suspense ; and yet He will grudge no pain either to Himself or us in giving us the right education for glory."

There is one way of "showing piety at home," very little thought of even by Christian invalids ; and Hetty Bowman, while inculcating it upon others, was peculiarly careful to practise it herself. I mean, the self-denial of a proper care of health. Many a pleasant thing she gave up because "it would

make them so anxious at home ;" while, on the other hand, no one ever "gave in" so little to illness, making just the right amount of "effort," and no more—ready, in short, and thankful for the Lord's will when He allowed her to be "half well"—a much more trying state than absolute illness, which precludes all effort. She truly thought that many of the Lord's suffering ones err much in acting as if quite well when any restoration appears, or keeping themselves as confirmed invalids when, by some exertion, they might greatly cheer their friends, and really in the end improve their own state. To those who remember her consistent and unselfish practice of her own precepts, every one of her words to invalids comes with a double force.

In "Elsie Ellis" there is a very pretty sketch of a young authoress, "Grace Monroe," which shows us the strong views she herself entertained of the responsibilities of such a position. Never, certainly, was there so "model" an authoress as Hetty Bowman herself—retiring and feminine—knowing her own powers exactly—never presuming on them—never "aping humility"—because she possessed the most real of all—the meek, lowly spirit of the handmaiden of the Lord, working for Him with the pen He gave her to wield—thankful for each token of encouragement, yet well able to do without, because this is but the seed-time, and the joy of harvest is in the happy future. She wrote to me—
"Who is it that says—

' It may be glorious to write thoughts that shall glad the
two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight once in
a century ;

But better far is it to speak one simple word which, now
and then,
Shall waken a new life within the weak and sinful souls of
men.'

"But it is a 'sowing in hope' after all, and while we 'wait for that we see not,' one does get terribly cast down sometimes. Only, if we just give the dear Lord *what we have*, for Him to make what use of it He will, there is such perfect rest in knowing that He is doing something with it though He may not show us what."

I remember once being struck with the rare candour of her self-judgment. Her retiring character made her shrink from many manifestations of feminine strong-mindedness passing in the world, both among authoresses and workers; and after speaking rather strongly on this subject, she said penitently, "But I sometimes question whether, in *our* way of it, there may not be as much of self. Perhaps, after all, they are more *simple* than we are, so we must be tender of judging others for what is IMPOSSIBLE for ourselves."

In all these works we find how a highly educated mind—of grasp beyond that of the generality of women—recognised in daily life and teaching the "power of littles," which is touchingly confirmed by this short but full sentence,—"How one longs to realise that we are called not only to fellow-work, but fellow-feeling with God! and if one does not seize the opportunities for it in little things, one misses them in greater." Besides the little "deeds of kindness," the daily, hourly cups of cold water which she gave to many, none ever experienced more of a "child's pure delight in little things." It was pleasant to see her eyes brightening

over a new pattern, or a photograph, or a flower—her mind fresh and ready for a tiny jest or a pleasant thought,—and the vividness of her sympathy in the little cares, joys, and sorrows of her friends. The deftness of her fingers, too, was an ever-present source of interest, dedicated like all else to her Lord. The first sign of the extremity of suffering in her numerous illnesses having passed, was the call for her “crochet,” one of the few sorts of work which did not hurt her delicate spine, and with which she helped materially many a “beloved mission.” Her recognition of the Lord’s daily guidance was also, as might be expected, very vivid. Thus she writes,—“We go to Harrogate (d.v.) on the 25th. Will you ask specially that God may guide us about lodgings; for, having no friends there to secure them beforehand, we are just trusting entirely to Him, and I feel so sure that we shall be taken to the right place.” And again, speaking of a new medical attendant,—“I have found him a great comfort, so tenderly the dear Lord cares.”

Of her intense love of nature we see many traces in her works, both of the noble scenery of her native “North Country,” and also of that humbler but as real beauty to be found in every nook and corner of God’s world. Thus she writes suggestively in “Elsie Ellis”—“Very tame it seemed, even commonplace, after the glory of form and colour which spread itself over my beloved North; and as nature will only reveal herself to loving eyes, and to hearts that receive with reverence her homeliest teachings, my pride robbed me of much refreshment, and made the daily walk rather an affair of duty than an occasion of thanksgiving. Hence I failed, for a

long time, to perceive that in every bit of tangled hedge or moss-grown wall there was enough to fill me with wonder and delight."

I had the great delight of being with my beloved friend when, for the first time for many years, she took a drive among some of the loveliest scenes of her native Cumberland ; and the quiet, chastened beauty of that most expressive countenance, the far-seeing gaze, and the union of reverent gladness and mournful memory, was what I never can forget—it haunts me like a beautiful dream. This rarely feminine character combined some masculine powers. She was thoroughly acquainted with Latin ; her knowledge of Greek gave her much help in that study of the Bible in which she attained to so much sanctified intelligence ; and to this she added the study of Hebrew in her later years; according as her relief from suffering permitted. The delight she had in the Word, and her anxiety to share it with others in conversation and by letter, reminded one of "Adelaide Newton," whose delightful biography is such a treasury of Bible-teaching. An hour over the Scriptures with her was indeed a help in every way, although her manner was so meek and lowly, her humility so genuine, that it was not till afterwards that one recalled how much one had been the learner. She made her correspondence a channel of much good in this way, always thus dropping a seed by the wayside, yet in such a natural, easy manner, that correspondence with her always possessed the charm of being a conversation. This is but a specimen :—"Did you ever notice the contrast in Heb. ii. 8 and 9—'We see not yet all things put under Him ;' 'But we *see* Jesus,' &c. They are different words in the Greek—one implying sight by sense,

the other rather by faith. It has struck me so much lately as an intense comfort, when one looks at all the confusion of the world ; we look at *that*—but it cannot shake our trust—‘*we see Jesus.*’ “Another text has been my stay these weeks—‘Thou knowest my *simpleness.*’ It is such joy, in the midst of all one’s mistakes and blunders, that He knows it all, and can never be surprised at anything we do.” Again :—“I have been dwelling much lately on the 12th of Exodus. Don’t you think the command, ‘Ye shall take it out from the sheep or from the goats, implies two different aspects of Christ either fulfilling the law or bearing its penalty—the lamb or the scape-goat, the burnt-offering or the sin-offering, fulfilling all righteousness or bearing the curse?’” And so on, every letter containing some seed-thought.

As was to be expected in such a tender and delicately organised mind and heart, she had much of the poetic element ; and it was her delight to weave her pleasant thoughts into most pleasant verse, by which she has cheered many a mourner, and has been privileged, indeed, to have her hymns used for help in the last conflict of those passing away to glory. This small volume, with its significant name, is a collection of many of these, which she prepared for publication two years preceding her death. I do not think that it was their partiality which made her friends believe that in it could be traced a very high promise of future excellence as a sweet singer of Israel. But the Lord’s ways for her were more wise and loving than ours ; and while we are still singing “the old songs,” she is singing the New Song, which has no notes of sorrow in it. One criticism which I have heard made on “Songs amid the Shadows” is, that the tone is too sad and “too sentimental !” I believe

that this special thing was a gift bestowed by the Lord, to be used for the benefit of those whose case cannot be reached by common hymns, and still less by ordinary poetry. Many, many women throughout the land know what it is to "wear pilgrim-weeds," and to have their "hands clasped above a hidden pain :—"

"The bright wine lost from the chalice,
The chalice broken in twain."

And to such mourners the want of sympathy, and the dread of incurring the charge of "sentimental sorrow," leads to a repression and an isolation which often turns to bitterness, and is perhaps the true secret of many wasted lives among unmarried women. When a healthy-minded Christian woman, who herself has passed through the ordeal of disappointed affection, frankly meets such cases with the pure overflowings of a once wounded but thoroughly healed spirit, pointing to the remedy while recognising the smart—ennobling the struggle and helping to the victory—we may indeed say, "Thank God for this means of grace to many." We may be quite sure that the loving, tender Master Himself, who created the capacity for sentiment, would never deem these records of heart-trial as "too sentimental." "Love and Tears," "Past, Present, and Future," "Lost," "Down by the River," "Tired," "Responses," and "It Pleased the Lord to Bruise Him," are some of the pieces in this volume which seem to me peculiarly graceful and gracious—full of grace in the double acceptation of the word.

Invalids will find their portion in such pieces as "A Sunday at Home," "A Butterfly in a Sick-Room," "In Illness," &c., while the many women

workers of our days, with their peculiar temptations to bustle and excitement, will do well to lay the first sweet Song of Persis, with its calm, quiet lessons, well to heart. With regard to this little volume she thus wrote—"I don't feel at all as if I were publishing a volume of poems. It is below criticism *as such*. But I have got so much help and comfort myself from very simple verses, that I just hope these may carry their message to some hearts that are waiting for it. I am *bothered* about some of the pieces—they are so much *myself*. And yet they are the best naturally, and, I believe, have most in them for others. So I try to think of 'the public' as a great big animal, without keen perceptions and intuitions ; and for the initiated few one does not care. I send you a specimen of the 'Letter Leaves,' and you will tell me your mind frankly."

Hetty Bowman was warmly attached to the Episcopal Church, and was herself the daughter and niece of clergymen of that communion ; but her spirit was one of the most truly "catholic," in its right meaning, that I ever met, and singularly gifted with the power of seeing eye to eye with all the Lord's people on all possible points of union, and contentedly waiting for the rest till "the Lord bringeth again Zion." It was natural that she should take the deepest interest in the question, which so rent the land a few years ago, of the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland. In the lamentation of friends she saw more shame and danger than in the machinations of enemies,—a thought which she embodied in the noble lyric "The Church—the Church in Danger." I never saw her more gratified and grateful than when, some time after it was first published as a leaflet, she heard of its being enthusiastically sung

at a large and influential meeting of friends in Ireland of the Irish Church. "Cissy" is a specimen of another light and graceful key, sometimes, though not often, touched by those versatile fingers. It is a sparkling vision of some such real child as we all know or have known—

"Down again upon the floor,
Pulling Pussy's ear,
Not a bit 'too good to live ;'
Mother need not fear.

Questions on the little tongue,
Lisp'd in silver speech,
Glancing into mysteries
Angels cannot reach !

Broken bits of baby prayers;
Do we think them odd?
May be neither yours nor mine
Go more straight to God."

We have another style, not in this collection, but printed separately, "Oh ! what shall I do for a bonnet ?" in which the good-humoured satire upon the bonnets of the period closes in its own touching little bit of poetry. Her last poetical composition was a graceful poem called "Every Day," written as a preface to a little volume of scriptural meditation, published under that name ; it has since been printed as a leaflet.

Owing to her known wishes, little has been written about Hetty Bowman, but that little has been irrepressible, being the outpourings of the affection, which feels that we shall never look upon her like again, and that some record is indispensable. A simple and pathetic sketch, "In Memoriam," appeared in "Woman's Work," by her friend Miss Savill; while in the same periodical a poem ad-

dressed to her shows so just an appreciation of the peculiar aspect in which she lives in many memories, that I cannot forbear quoting three verses—

“ I found her, not upon the gay parterre,
Beneath the sunshine bright, or noonday glare,
But in the quiet of the silent glade,
Our pleasant lily blossomed in the shade.

Protected by a sharp but friendly thorn,
She grew in beauty, fitted to adorn
A fairer garden ; and, while all unseen,
Soft buds unfolded, and ‘ her leaf was green.’

Her roots struck far into the soil of love,
The dews of heaven refreshed her from above,
The south wind came, and softly o'er her blew,
What wonder then that our sweet lily grew ! ”

And now we must stop. Much would I have liked to have taken my readers to a quiet, simple room, where, with more of cloud and conflict than we looked for in the setting of our bright sunbeam, there was the voice of that sure victory which awaits those who possess the Victor—where the love and patience, long taught by pen and lips and life, shone conspicuous, during a breaking of “the golden bowl” characterised by intense physical suffering. But it is enough—she being dead yet speaketh in many other ways. May the readers of her works lay their lessons to heart, and resolve to live on the earth some such holy life as that of our beloved one; for—

“ ALL may have if they dare choose,
A glorious life and grave.”

I cannot forbear adding—what has only now come to my knowledge—that months after Hetty Bowman’s scarcely recorded death, a letter was sent to her under cover to one of her publishers, telling (as

many have told) of the comfort given by her writings, especially by "Thoughts for Workers and Sufferers," which the writer of the letter had read to a blind person; and the request was earnestly made, and I trust will be carried out, that this work should be printed in embossed letters for the benefit of the blind. I have just seen a photograph of a beautifully simple marble memorial in the cemetery of Southport, erected by the loving care of the young ladies of her Bible-class, with this simple inscription—"In loving remembrance of Hetty Bowman, who died February 13, 1872, aged 33 years. 'Mighty to save,'"—the last three words forming the weapon of her last victory. The spot was chosen by herself, that these and other dear ones might sometimes visit the place where she sleeps so restingly. And there we leave her for a little while,—there—and yet not there. I close in her own singularly applicable words—

" Lay her to rest !
With folded hands on quiet breast,
With white lids closed on cheek as white,
Lay her to rest till dawn of light !

Though no reply
Comes back from *her* to yearning cry,
Though, for a dreary, dreary space
We may not see each other's face,

She is with Thee !
Not far away."

MARGARET MARIA GORDON.

PITLURG, October 1872.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PERSIS	1
LOVE AND TEARS	3
PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE	5
“ MIGHTY TO SAVE ”	6
THE BATTLE FOUGHT AND WON	8
“ TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL ”	10
NEAR—AND FAR	12
FAR—AND NEAR	13
CISSY	14
ONLY A FLOWER	16
“ THE CHURCH IN DANGER ”	18
“ COME OVER AND HELP US ”	20
MEETING	22
FAIRY BELLS	24
THE MASTER’S VOICE	26
RECEIVING	28
LOSS	30
DREAMING AND WAKING	31
“ DRAW NIGH TO GOD, AND HE WILL DRAW NIGH TO YOU ”	33
TO A FRIEND	35
DOWN BY THE RIVER	37

	PAGE
TIRED	40
IN MEMORIAM	43
A SUNDAY AT HOME	45
LITTLE MAY	4
TO A BUTTERFLY IN A SICK-ROOM	49
"IT PLEASED THE LORD TO BRUISE HIM"	53
A PRAYER	56
NOT ALONE	57
SUNSET DREAMS	59
IN ILLNESS	61
RESPONSES	63
"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"	64
THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE	66
GUIDANCE	69
WEARINESS AND REST	71
CONSOLATION	73



PERSIS.

"Salute the beloved Persis, which laboured much in the Lord."
Rom. xvi. 12.

SHE laboured much ! Her heart was bent,
In strength of love and deep content,
To pour itself, like healing balm,
Like the low music of a psalm,
O'er all the aching wounds of life,
O'er all the discord of its strife.

She laboured much ! From age to age,
That record, from the holy page,
Gleams out in colours rare and dim,
Soft glowing with the touch of Him,
Whose blessing falls, with tenderest grace,
To glorify the lowliest place.

She laboured much ! We may not know
If lofty was her lot, or low—
If love met hers from kindred eyes,
If, girded round by sweetest ties,
Or, from a home, like nest all torn,
Left to the bitter wind forlorn,

She went, her sorrow hid the while
Beneath an unrevealing smile,
On other brows the pain to read,
None careth on her own to heed :
Taught by a grief that will not sleep,
True comfortings for them that weep.

We cannot tell : we only know
That, from those days of long ago,
There comes to us a fragrant breath,
Like rose leaves falling fair in death ;—
A memory—earth has few of such—
Of one who loved,—and laboured much.

Not for herself, 'twas “in the Lord,”
Her calm heart leaning on His Word—
His Love the joy which made her strong,
In darkest night, her quiet song—
Through all her life one under-tone
That whispered softly—“ Not your own.”

She laboured much ! Two women stand
With pure, true faces hand-in-hand—
Persis—beloved—and she, the one;
Who meekly “what she could” hath done,—
With voices loving still, and clear,
Floating o'er many a silent year,—
Bidding their sisters evermore
Follow, where they have gone before.

LOVE AND TEARS.

O LOVE ! O Love and Tears !

Ye have too many meetings on this earth :—
For Love is always lonely-hearted, mourning
The country of her birth.

She weareth pilgrim-weeds :

Her hands are clasped above a hidden pain ;
Her lips are parted in a sweet sad singing,
Like the lone dove's low plain.

The bird turns to its nest,

And Love's heart yearneth for another breast
Whereon to lean—the weight of its own riches
So hindereth its rest.

Yet, when she findeth one

On whom to pour the treasure of her store,
She only gaineth, through her eager clasping,
A wound that pierceth sore.

And so her eyes are dim,

Shining through tears—like violets drenched
with dew ;—

Yet clear, as stars thro' pale grey mist of even
Look softly from the blue.

Turn thee to One, O Love !
There is one Heart thou canst not press too
near :—
Rest ! rest ! the Eyes that watch thee still
are keeping
The memory of a tear.

And, as thou leanest there,
There cometh healing for thy bitter pain ;—
The touch of Hands once pierced can still thy
weeping,
And turn thy loss to gain.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

THEN—

A SPRINGING foot on the heather—
A dream too fair to be told—
The dawn of a coming morning
 Flushing the east with gold :—
The thought of a happy secret,
 Hid in the heart's deep shrine—
A little chalice of blessing,
 Filled from Life's choicest wine.

NOW—

A step that is weary ever—
A restless fevered dream—
The moaning wind and the storm-wrack,
 Instead of the golden gleam :—
A secret of silent yearning,
 Guarded with bitter pain—
The bright wine lost from the chalice—
 The chalice broken in twain.

THEN—

The weariness gone for ever—
No dream—but a waking bright ;—
The dawn of a day that is endless,
 A day that is living light :—
A secret, whose fair unfolding,
 Thou, Christ, art keeping for me,
Till I drink the new wine of the kingdom,
 For ever—oh ! ever—with Thee !

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

O SAVIOUR dear !
Thine eye is on Thy wandering sheep—
Thou knowest where they are, and Thou wilt
 keep
And bring them Home.

Our hearts grow sick
With sickness for a hope deferred :
We rest them only on Thy faithful Word,
 Thou God of truth !

Our human love
Faints with its passion. Hear our cry,
Thou—Brother-Man,—Who reignest still on
 high—
Hear us—and save.

Our dear, too dear,
Who love not Thee ! We cannot reach
The hearts that are too deaf for any speech,
 But only Thine.

But Thou canst show
To them in error's night that lie,
The light of Thine own truth—that cannot die !
 Arise, and shine,

And let them see,
How still, still near them standeth One
They know not,—though, with craving blind
and dumb,
They long for Him.

Oh ! come to them !
Like one of old they sit beside the way—
Groping in shadow—waiting for the day :
Be Thou 'their Light.

Thou lovest them !
Again, and yet again we tell
To our sore hearts, this, which alone can quell
Their bitter pain.

Thy Love is calm,
And strong, and patient :—it can wait,—
Yet sure—although its purpose ripens late,
For us—*too late*.

Only with Thee,
Our Father—there is no “*too late* :”
And so hearts love, and break not—while
they wait
For Thee to save.

*THE BATTLE FOUGHT AND WON.**Exod. xiv. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 57.*

COME, Lord, and fight the battle,
My hands are tired and faint:
I have no strength to struggle,
“ Consider my complaint.”
One of Thy weakest soldiers
Is weary in the field ;—
Yet Thine is all the victory,
Thy love is all my shield.

’Tis not that I am weary
Of service done for Thee ;—
’Tis not that I would alter
Thy loving will for me ;—
Sweet is the vineyard labour,
Through all the toil and heat ;
And sweet the lonely night-watch
Safe resting at Thy feet.

Yet, Lord, there is a warfare
No eye but Thine may see ;
Oh ! hear my cry for succour,
Come Thou, and fight for me.

The self I cannot conquer,
The will that still is mine,
Oh! take them both, Lord Jesus,
And make them one with Thine.

Take them ! I cannot yield them—
I am not what I seemed :
I have no power, Lord Jesus,
To do what once I dreamed.
The yearning of the earth-life
Is stronger than my strength ;
When may the spell be broken,
And freedom come at length ?

Like dew on drooping blossoms,
Like breath from holy place,
Laden with health and healing,
Come thy deep words of grace ;
“ Thy strength is all in leaning
On One who fights for thee ;
Thine is the helpless clinging,
And Mine the victory.”

"TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL."

Teach me to do Thy will !

I cannot see my way ;
I only pray Thy gentle Hand
May lead me, lest I stray.

Teach me to do Thy will !

Bid the wild storm-wind cease,
And, o'er my soul's deep surging sea,
Breathe Thy sweet words of peace.

Teach me to do Thy will !

To toil with patient love,
To win earth's weary-hearted ones
Unto Thy rest above.

Teach me to do Thy will !

To walk in robes of white,—
Bright with the radiance of that Land
Where dwell Thy saints in light.

Teach me to do Thy will !

Meekly to wear Thy yoke,
Gladly to drink Thy bitterest cup,
To bear Thy keenest stroke.

Teach me to do Thy will !
O Christ, the Blessed One ;
Help me in Thy deep strength to say,
My Lord—Thy will be done.

NEAR—AND FAR.

So near, and yet so far apart !

No silver link of common speech,
To bridge the shadowy space across
That separates us, each from each.

We move on lines that never meet—

We never touch each other's life :
Unknown, unread, in tone or look,
The token of a hidden strife.

May be, hereafter, when our tongues

Have learned the speech of Father-land,
The depths we seal in silence now,

We utter then, and understand.

What life has set so far apart

Death joins for ever. Patience, friend !
For we *are* friends, in heart and truth,
Though unacknowledged, till the end.

And then, among the joys that wait

The coming Home of tired feet,
This shines—a little spot of light,
That I shall know thee when we meet :
Shall know thee—with no yearning sense

Of dumb, blank wondering, as here,
For, in the clearness of God's Throne,
The deeps of human souls are clear.

FAR—AND NEAR.

So far apart, and yet so near !

For all the distances that lie
Between us have no power to break
The golden chains that draw us nigh.
My spirit reaches through the dark
Of time and space, and touches thine—
The inner currents of thy life
Mingle, I know not how, with mine.

Our feet are set on one same path,

Though I look on from far behind,
And only see thy beckoning hand,
And darkly follow—weak and blind.
Oh ! still before me in the race,
Yet still my friend ! For silently
Beneath the outward stir of things
There lies a hidden thought of thee,—

A well of gladness in my heart,

That freshens all the springs of life,
And nerves for days that come and go
Through dusty rounds of narrow strife ;—
And bids me grasp a hope unseen,
And lingers on the bréath of prayer,
And points beyond, to Love's dear Home,
And speeds me on to meet thee there !

"CISSY."

LITTLE restless, pattering feet,
Curious wistful eyes ;—
Little pouting, rosy mouth
Framing quick replies.
Little eager, busy hands,
Never still a minute ;
If there 's mischief anywhere,
Surely they 'll be in it !

Gazing through the window-pane
Up into the blue
Just above the elm-tree top—
Heaven is near to you !
Down again upon the floor
Pulling Pussy's ear—
Not a bit "too good to live,"
Mother need not fear !

"Tell a story ?" Bless the child !
Yes, if you 'll be quiet !
Tiny fingers in my hair,
How they 're running riot !
Now, an April shower of tears ;—
Half a minute after,
While the dimpled cheeks are wet,
Peals of rippling laughter.

Questions on the little tongue
Lisp'd in silver speech—
Glancing into mysteries
Angels cannot reach !
Broken bits of baby-prayers—
Do we think them odd ?
May be, neither yours nor mine
Go more straight to God.

ONLY A FLOWER.

Down by the sedgy brook,
Where alder-blossoms shook
A dim, white foam upon the sleepy pool,
Where meadow-sweet bloomed fair
Through brooding, fragrant air,
And summer leaves hung over, dark and cool—

There grew, through sun and shower,
A fragile, fairy flower,
Making a gleam of light in shady place ;—
Looking, with fearless eyes,
Up to the quiet skies,—
Clothing a hidden home with tender grace.

None saw the little flower
Within her secret bower ;—
The swallow darted past her on the stream,—
From golden shade above
Birds poured their songs of love,
Heedless if they might wake her in her dream.

The west wind hurried by
Regardless of her sigh—
Only one little sunbeam softly crept
To cheer her loneliness
With gentle, fond caress,
And kiss away the tears which she had wept.

And so she lived her day,
Then meekly passed away
Unloved, unwatched by any human eyes—
She faded on no breast,
To warm lips never pressed—
Her lot—unprized to live, unmissed to die.

Only a tiny flower,
That withered in an hour,
And only knew to yield her scent and bloom;
And yet, before God's Face,
She had her chosen place,
And, in His world, for use He gave her room.

"THE CHURCH IN DANGER."

THE Church—the Church in danger !

Now shame upon the cry !

And shame on all the coward hearts

That answer with a sigh.

For Truth is strong, and Love is strong,

And darkness turns to light;

And by His pledged, unbroken word,

God will defend the right !

The Church—the Church in danger !

And what if danger loom ?

What if the storm that threatens her

Shall break at last in doom ?

Is there no Hand upon the helm,

No Voice of holy cheer

To bid nor hope nor courage fail,

Since Christ her Lord is near ?

The Church—the Church in danger !

Not if her friends are true ;

Not if they do what loyal hearts

And willing hands may do ;

Not if they keep the good old path

Which martyred feet have trod,

And hold, as dearer life than life,

The heaven-sent Word of God.

The Church—the Church in danger !

Then let her take her place,
And preach the gospel to the poor
In Christ’s own words of grace.
Let her go down to deepest depths,
Where He has gone before,
Like Him, to seek and save the lost,
The found, for evermore.

The Church—the Church in danger !

What if the gold and lands,
Once freely given by loving hearts,
Are touched by careless hands ?
They cannot mar her hidden strength,
Or reach her truest life,—
The life deep “hid with Christ in God”
Beyond the reach of strife.

The Church—the Church in danger !

Not in the furnace hot :
Its trial shall but purify,
Its scorching harms her not :
For Truth is strong, and Love is strong,
And darkness turns to light ;
And by His pledged, unbroken word,
God will defend the right.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."—*Matt.* ix. 38.

Yes, pray ! for the fields are white,
The sunlight dies in the west ;
Shadows are falling, long and low,
And, one by one, the reapers go
Home—home—to rest.

Nobly they toiled, and well !
Bearing the burden and heat ;
Joy—for the sheaves they gathered in,
And joy—for the burst of their Harvest
Hymn ;
Glad—glad and sweet.

Yet pray—for a yearning cry
Comes up from them that stay—
" Help, for the work they left undone,
" Help, for the work not yet begun—
" Pray for us, pray !

" We envy not the sleep
" God giveth to His own ;
" Better toil on, with tired feet,
" Than dream of rest, however sweet,
" Till He call Home.

“ But pray that the Master’s eye
“ May fall on the empty place—
“ May look on the sickle, that lieth still,
“ And give it to one who loves His will,
“ Meet, by His grace.”

The labourers He will send ;
Oh ! He knoweth where to seek—
He chooseth well—our eyes are dim—
He chooseth workers meet for Him,
Brave, loyal, meek.

Then pray ye the Master, pray—
Ye whom He biddeth be still,
Watching the reapers, through your tears—
Tears, for the gleaning of bygone years—
Bearing His will.

Oh ! pray—’tis the Master’s word !
Grieve not, that the reapers fall ;
But rather, yield ye Him “ hearty thanks,”
Who liveth ever, to fill the ranks—
Lord—Lord of all.

MEETING.

So much to tell—so little told,
So many thoughts unsaid ;
And yet we spoke with voices hushed,
As those who watch the dead ;
As those who plant, with trembling hands,
On graves not yet grown green,
The fair spring flowers, whose gentle breath
Recalls what might have been.

We sate together, hand in hand ;
We smiled, through tears unwept ;
We stirred all memories, save those
Deep in our souls that slept.
We have been nearer, when apart,
And yet we felt it sweet
That, once more, heart should beat with
heart,
And glance with glance should meet.

Once we had grieved, that space so short
Was granted us for speech ;
Scorning the less, because the more
Was put beyond our reach.
Now we give thanks, with meeker faith,
For “fragments that remain,”
Though all the feast of life is bare,
And joy is sometimes pain.

Farewell! we have a hope too bright
To water it with tears;—
We question not of “when” and “where”
Our paths cross through the years.
We look for One, Who draweth nigh,—
We hear His coming feet;
We know that, in their rest with Him,
His parted ones shall meet.

FAIRY BELLS.

THERE are fairy bells ringing—ringing,
Faint and clear—faint and clear,—
Silver-bright music flinging—flinging
Over the mere—over the mere.
Do you not hear them? Hark again!
You smile—but I can hear them plain,
Ringing—ever ringing!

Many a day I have heard them chime,
Merry and glad—merry and glad!
Now they ring out, from the dear old time,
Soft and sad—soft and sad.
Out from the sunshine of long ago,
Into the shadows that wrap me now,
Ringing—ever ringing.

One day I heard them—no matter where,
Oh! so sweet—Oh! so sweet—
Joyous and bright as a marriage peal,
Oh! so sweet—Oh! so sweet!
Borne, by the west wind, far through the
blue;
One was with me, who heard them too,
Ringing—ever ringing.

The peal rang out—its echoes ring on,
 Oh ! so dear—Oh ! so dear !
No one is with me to hear them now,
 None may hear—none may hear !
Sometimes they change to a wild regret,
Sometimes they whisper—Forget, forget !
 Ringing—ever ringing !

Yet often their voice is joyous too—
 Clear and bright—clear and bright—
Telling of gladness somewhere for me,
 Clear and bright—clear and bright.
Telling of Hope that draweth nigh,
Telling of Love that cannot die—
 Ringing ever ringing !

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

MASTER—say on ! Thy words are sweet,
I hush my heart to hear :
I wait in silence for Thy Voice
That is so true and clear.
It quiets all unrestful thought —
It stills the throbbing brain,
It soothes, like hymn from mother-lips,
The weary ache of pain.

Is it indeed the Master's Voice ?
It speaks in altered tone ;—
It bids me follow through the dark,
And bear my cross alone :
It bids me leave the pastures green,
Where quiet waters flow—
And climb the rugged mountain height,
That lieth cold in snow.

Oh, no ! not *there*. My steps are weak—
There are dear faces here—
There are dear hands I clasp in mine—
Dear voices in my ear.
I cannot leave the sunny way
And take that heavy cross :
I cannot bear to wake and sleep
With bitter sense of loss.

Once more He speaks. No stern rebuke,
No anger in the word—
“ Is it so hard to turn from all,
And walk with Me, Thy Lord ?
I do not say the way is fair
For tear-dimmed eyes to see,—
I only say through all its pain
Thine heart shall lean on Me.

“ Come ! thou hast never heard My Voice
As thou shalt hear it now :
I have no words for brighter days
Like those the dark ones know.
I cannot speak them here ; yet come—
The desert-path lies bare,
And better far the wilderness
If I am with thee there.”

RECEIVING.

I SATE, one evening, in a quiet room,
In summer twilight. Through the tender
gloom

The jasmine stars gleamed white,
Watching me through the casement in my
grief,
Mourning a day all cloudy: fruit, nor leaf,
Nor blossom rich and bright,
Would ripen or unfold, that I might bring
Some fitting offering to my Lord the King.

And now the night was near, and I was sad.
I had done nothing—how could I be glad?

Even the secret cross
Had pressed me lightly: scent of bruised
myrrh,
The Master loveth well—and sweet it were,
Though heaviness of loss
Had crushed it forth—yea, surely, it were
sweet,
What though with tears—to lay it at His feet.

But I had nothing; I could only come
With empty hands, and lips that grief made
dumb—

For now it was too late—
I could not go forth to the field and glean,
Some handfuls scattered from the harvest
sheen.

I heard Him say—“ I wait ;
What art thou bringing for thy Lord to-day ? ”
And I could only cling around His feet, and
pray.

And, as I clung, there fell upon my heart,
Like drops of fragrant balm, that healed its
smart,

A tender word and sweet—
“ Yea, bring Me empty hands—I ask no more,
That I may fill them from My own rich store—

May give thee blessing meet ;
Thou provest well thy love by meek believing
That Mine is satisfied in thy receiving.”

LOSS.

THE knell of a dead, dead hope,
 No one heard it but I—
No one knew, that the world grew dark,
 Just with a smothered sigh.

What shall I do with my hope ?
 Shall I bury it out of sight ?
Lay it in a forgotten grave,
 Out with the dark, dark night ?

But the grave is in my heart—
 Too near to be forgot—
And the leaves of a broken wreath,
 Are lying to mark the spot.

It may be, that long, long hence,
 When the moan of “*might have been*”—
Is stilled by a Piercèd Hand,
 I may come—and find it green.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I THOUGHT that I was free, Lord,
From fetters of self-will—
And lo, their iron bondage
Fretteth and weareth still !
I thought my deepest yearning
Had entered into rest,
Hushed into perfect patience
By Thine own peace possessed.
I thought my eager choosing,
Was yielded up to Thee,
Thine own smile in the yielding,
Thy sweetest gift to me.

The dream has passed away, Lord—
'Twas born of summer days—
It was not hard to follow
Thy steps thro' quiet ways,—
Down in the fair green pastures,
Down where the lilies lie,
Where the still waters murmur
And low soft breezes sigh.
But now, the "Follow—follow!"
Falls with a dreary chill,
My heart moans, in its anguish.
"I cannot love Thy will!"

Better the dream is past, Lord—
 Better the touch of pain
Should wake me from my slumber,
 And bid me fight again.
Not till, beside the River,
 The desert way all done,
I linger in the twilight
 To watch the sinking sun,
While softly, through the shadows,
 Falleth the Captain's word—
“ Now come—for I am waiting
 And give Me back My sword.”
Not till I hear *that* summons,
 The song of rest for me,
My watchword only—“ Patience ! ”
 Until the victory.

“*DRAW NIGH TO GOD, AND HE WILL
DRAW NIGH TO YOU.*”

James iv. 8.

Weary and faint,
Our garments stained with sin and soiled
with tears—
Not tears that fall like blessed summer rain,
But heavy drops of pain,
Wrung from the heart’s deep passion and
distress,
Wrung from the yearning of its tenderness—
Thus—with the guilt and grief of days and
years
We do draw nigh.

Yes—we draw nigh !
We are not worthy, Lord, to seek Thy Face—
Not worthy—for our need is all our plea—
Yet may we come to Thee—
Nor fear to bring our darkness to Thy light,
All pure and holy in Thy perfect sight,
Clad in the white robe of our Saviour’s grace—
So we draw nigh.

Yes, we draw nigh—
To Thee, the Comforter, we come for peace,—
Thou knowest, Lord, our weakness and our
fear,

And Thou wilt surely hear,—
Wilt hear the cry that from life's wild wide sea
Rises from hearts that only cling to Thee ;—
One look, one word, can bid our anguish
cease—

So we draw nigh.

Thou wilt draw nigh !
Father—it is no dream that Thou art near—
No dream that, in my sin and misery,

I may look up to Thee,—
May hide beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
From all the restlessness of outward things,
And from my own heart's self-accusing fear—

For Thou art nigh !

TO A FRIEND.

JUST a day like this,
Years on years ago !
Moans of dreary wind,
Driving showers of snow !
Gleams of wintry gold
Shining on hills afar,
Like thought of bygone joy
The present cannot mar.

We heeded not the storm-wind,
We heeded not the snow,
The bitter blight of winter
Chilled not our summer glow.
We looked not far for sunshine,
It lay around our feet—
We did not speak its blessing,
The silence was too sweet.

We sate until the darkness
Soft filled our little room—
Warm in our own heart's firelight
We heeded not its gloom.
It could not hide the shining
Of truth from steadfast eyes—
Flashes of sudden brightness
That came with sweet surprise.

And now—well—we remember!
Perhaps we would forget!
No pain of broken friendship
Where friends have never met.
We shed no tears for gladness,
We never counted ours,—
We mourn no withered blossoms
But where we gathered flowers.

Yet still—I would remember!
The joy that once hath been
Is where no hand may spoil it,
In golden distance seen.
And we have one possession
Beyond the power of years,—
That day in dark November
That lies behind our tears.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

PART I.

I AM going down by the river,
Where the willow branches droop,
And clear brown water leapeth up
To kiss them as they stoop,—
Then hasteth on to the far blue sea,
As if, in its merry play,
It heard the moan of a homeless heart—
“I wait thee—come away !”

I am going down by the river,
Where the light lies cool and deep,
Down where the pebbles gleam with gold,
Down where the minnows sleep,
Where swallows dip to the quiet blue—
Does it seem another sky,
That looketh up, as one looks down,
As distant, yet as nigh ?

I am going down by the river—
Oh ! we went there long ago—
Do you remember how we sate
To hear its music low,
That night when the silence seemed so sweet,
We held it dearest treasure,
The priceless gift of priceless love,
Never words might measure !

I am going down by the river—
But I go alone to-day—
And, perhaps, if you were with me,
Some words we might not say;
For the waves of another river
Whose waters are grey and wide,
Broke on the love and the silence,
And bore us apart on its tide.

PART II.

I am going down by the river—
Only in memory now.
Cold from the winter Heaven
Falleth the winter snow;
I sit in the crimson firelight,
That shineth through my tears;
But the old low song of the river
It ringeth still in my ears.

I am going down by the river—
But the words touch deeper thought;
From wells of holiest meaning
Their hidden joy is brought:
For there is a stream that floweth
Between me and the shore,
Where my Lord and Master waiteth,
And His servants weep no more.

I am going down by the river—
To wait in the sunset glow,
Till a token from the Master
Shall bid me rise and go.
But even while I am waiting,
And longing with Him to be,
The song of the old, old river
Will ever come back to me.

TIRED.

TIRED—only tired ! Oh ! but life is hard to bear,
Full of thorns and very dreary—full of bitterness and pain—
And my heart it crieth—crieth—till I cannot still its cry,
For the faded gleams of sunshine, that come not back again.

Tired—only tired ! but I may not call it hard,
For sweet is in the bitterness, and in all the sweet is love ;—
Love—yet faith can only watch it, like the brightness on the hills,
Too high, too far above me, in lowlands where I move.

The mist is thick around me—lying cold upon my heart,—
It will part, I know, in God's good time, and show the heavenly blue ;—
But the *now* is not the *shall be*—and the darkness is not light—
And while the grey clouds wrap me, I cannot pierce them through.

Tired—only tired ! Let me lean my head and rest,
While the voices and the laughter ripple softly through my thought ;—
While with tones of living music mingle others sweeter yet,
Though from lips for ever hushed their deepest thrill is caught.

For ever ! Nay, I know not—for oft I hear them speak :

Clear as ever in the old time I can listen to them now—

And e'en while their whisper falleth like cool dew on drooping flowers—

The touch of spirit-fingers lieth soft upon my brow.

And one day I shall hear them ! Oh ! sure the hope and sweet—

For while I watch and listen He is coming near, and nearer—

And the “ sleeping ” and the “ waking ” shall be gathered unto Him,

The broken links all bound again, the lost love dearer.

Tired—only tired ! I can bear my burden
still,
For though sore the strain and heavy, *they*
have borne, and are at peace :
It has fallen, fallen from them, at the touch
of God's own Hand,—
I can hear the bells of the city—ringing their
release.

And He Who led them thither—the Lord on
Whom they leaned—
Speaketh still to hearts a-weary as He spoke
in days of yore :—
“ I have borne the sultry noon-tide—I have
watched the lonely night—
Patience ! My rest is round thee—My peace
—for evermore ! ”

*IN MEMORIAM.**E. L.*

December 22, 1869.

LAY her to rest!
With folded hands on quiet breast,
With white lids closed on cheek as white
Lay her to rest till dawn of light!

O God—we come
Humbly to Thee, though lips are dumb.
Tears! this is grief they come not nigh,
For hearts bleed most when tears are dry.

Yet still we come ;—
Within Thy heart is sorrow's Home—
For there is silence ;—otherwhere
Is speech that only mocks despair.

It cannot be!
O God—give light Thy face to see!
Shadow of death hath shadowed life—
The blow is love—but keen the knife.

Jesu! our Lord!
Thou Who hast loved, speak Thou the word,
The only word our hearts can hear,
Bidding us trust—for Thou art near.

Although no hand
Reach us in darkness where we stand,
Yet, from the glory where Thou art
We feel the throb of Brother-heart.

And Thou dost know
The dumb, dumb grief—the aching woe ;
This darkness is too dark for prayer
But Thou dost know, and Thou wilt care.

Though no reply
Comes back from *her* to yearning cry,
Though, for a dreary, dreary space
We may not see each other's face,

She is with Thee !
Not far away—for she and we
Are one in Love that knows not death,
Keeping the word the Master saith,

“ I am the Life ”—
Once slain, now Victor in the strife ;
And erewhile, gathered at Thy feet,
Earth's parted ones again shall meet !

A SUNDAY AT HOME.

THERE are showers of rose and white
 Soft falling on orchard grass—
There are changes of dark and bright
 Where flitting shadows pass.—
There are little drifts of blue,
 On banks where hyacinths grow,
There are gleams of sunny gold
 In meadows where cowslips blow.

There is music in the air—
 There are songs that are sweet—so sweet—
Carolling, vibrating everywhere,
 Where elm-tree branches meet.—
A “temple, not made with hands,”
 Yet its worship reaches Him
Who hears on His glorious throne
 The singing of Cherubim.

I sit and listen alone
 For the sound of passing feet,
Dying in silence, one by one,
 Along the village street.
The sweet Church bells are done,
 But through the open door
The soft Amens of the children,
 The notes of the organ pour.

There is Sabbath calm on the hills,
The white mist lieth fair—
Calm in the dreamy murmur of rills,
Soft through the brooding air :
And Sabbath calm for me,
The hush of a Presence near,—
The light of a smile that I know,
The joy of a Voice that I hear.

Thou knowest I bring Thee nought
But silence and longing, Lord—
Silence that waits to be taught,
That listens for Thy Word.
And longing that is not love,
But a yearning cry towards Thee—
And a clinging hold, in my need,
Of a hand held out to me.

But still, through all the press
Of the multitude to-day—
This longing in loneliness
Goes up with them that pray.
It reaches the Master's heart,—
'Tis all I ask to know
Till from silent Sundays here,
He bids me rise and go.

LITTLE MAY.

I CANNOT speak to bless thee,
Our darling baby May !
Tears should not come to greet thee,
And yet they will not stay !
When love and joy are strongest,
They falter in their speech,
The heart's still depths of feeling
Lie somewhere out of reach.

Sweet bird of Spring's own sunshine !
Sweet dove in love's own nest !
Our tender cooing birdie,
Caressing and caressed !
God's gift of purest blessing,
Full little cup of bliss !
No gift of gold or jewels
Could be so dear as this.

I cannot read thy future,
O child of hopes and fears !
The track of tiny footsteps
Fades through the mist of years.
But one Hand surely guides thee
Along life's mystic race,
And I know thine angel standeth
Before the Father's Face.

Then too—it may be fancy—
Perchance—I cannot tell—
The simple name we give thee
Seems like a holy spell—
Since the meek Mother bore it,
The “handmaid of the Lord,”
And she, the Jewish maiden,
Who heard the Saviour’s word.

And one,—O baby darling !
She would have loved thee well,
But she passed beneath the shadow
Of God’s own peace to dwell,—
Safe there from all the tossing
Of life’s unquiet sea,—
God grant our gentle sister
May live again in Thee !

God bless thee, little Mary,
I have no words beside !
All others are but shadows
The heart’s deep love to hide :
But these are borne to Heaven,
On the strong breath of prayer,
And I know that He Who hears them
Will give the blessing there.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN A SICK-ROOM.

FROM brakes of fern and meadows of clover,—
Where the brown bee sucks, and the lark
 sings over,

From shady dells where the long grass groweth,
And the brook sings on and on as it floweth,—
From the fresh free world that I may not see
Thou bringest a whisper of joy to me.

Thou hast floated on through the summer day,
And the children have watched thee in their
 play—

Under the hedges—out on the heather,
Merry and glad in the summer weather—
No shadow round them but rayeth with light,
No sorrow o'er them that lives through the
 night.

And all the summer glory,
 And all the summer glow,
Come with thy noiseless flutter,

My glow and glory now !
I close my eyes and see it—
 I smell the sweet wild thyme,—
I hear the old low murmur
 Under the waving lime.

Oh! once, once more to hear it!
 Oh ! once, once more to lie
And look through parted branches
 Up to the blue, blue sky !
Oh ! once to see the sunset
 Fade on the mountains blue—
While over wood and valley
 The daylight dies in dew !

Oh ! once—for the old freedom,
 That was so sweet and fair !
The bounding, tireless footstep,
 That knew no drag of care !
No shade from Past or Future,
 Darkening the bright To-day—
No word in the heart's keeping,
 That the lips might not say.

Nay, hush !—I may not murmur !
 My Father chooseth well—
Some “better thing” He gives me
 Than my dim sight can tell.
Slowly, through pain and silence,
 Through weariness and tears,
He answers now the yearning,
 He read in bygone years.

He sends me blessing richer
And fuller than I sought,
For He could tell the meaning
Of prayers beyond my thought.
What though the gift He giveth
Comes with its weight of pain,—
His loving-kindness turneth
All seeming loss to gain.

The cross is sharp and heavy,
The crown is fair to see—
They only reign who suffer,
Lord Jesus, here with Thee.
And sweetest in the anguish
Of bruised heart and will—
The rest of lying helpless,
Thy peace around me still.

There is a hope before me,
Which yet I may not see—
The Lord of Life and Glory
Is keeping it for me.
I “wait for the adoption,”
It is not long to wait!
The “image of the Heavenly”—
It will not come too late!

Poor little tired wanderer !
Now speed thee on thy way—
The message thou hast brought me
Is sunshine for to-day.
Oh ! hope of Resurrection,
Oh ! morning after night—
Now patience through the shadows,
Behind them lies the Light !

"IT PLEASED THE LORD TO BRUISE
HIM."

Oh ! but for one sharp blow, however keen,
If only after it my heart may breathe
A little space ! Oh ! but for one dark cloud,
However black—if I may look beyond
Into the blue ! Better than this grey sky,
That seems to wrap me round and press me down,
Unvarying, unbroken. Better far
The shrieking blast that bends the forest
boughs,
Yet leaves them free to rise when it hath passed,
Than the drip, drip of never-ceasing rain,
Weighing on leaf and blossom.

Days go on
In one grey, narrow round of care and pain
That frets the finer springs of life away—
And yet I am not *living*. There are powers
Sleeping within me ;—nay, for they sleep *not*!
They only yearn—a yearning passionate—
So passionate that it is dumb for very ruth,
Because it findeth only words too cold,
And scorns them even with a bitter scorn,
Too cold and colourless to paint the glow
That half consumes, like core of pent-up heat.
There is no beauty in my life—no grace

Of noble deeds. I only dream of them,
When I am weary with the days that pass
And bring no change, but only pain for pain—
Or talk that babbles on of this and that,
And leaves me wearier:—dreams that die
Unwedded to their aim.

I murmured thus,
In all the restlessness of discontent,
Like one who chafes in tossing to and fro
Under a fetter which he cannot break,
And makes it heavier. But a Voice replied—
A Voice with depths of patience in its tone,
And meek endurance—not reproving me,
Save by the force of very gentleness,
And by the echo of a suffering
Beyond all mortal knowledge—“It hath pleased
The Lord to bruise Him.” Silence afterward—
I heard no more—nor needed. For the words
Fell softly on the fever of my soul,
And stilled it. Not alone the bitter shame,
And the sharp agony of Calvary’s Cross,
Is shrouded in their depths of mystery—
But the long, lonely years of homely toil,
When, for Him also, day on day passed by,
And brought no outlet to a wider life :—
When, in a solitude from which His will
Shrank even as mine, He mingled with the
groups

That thronged the streets, or gossipped in the house,

Talking of all the narrow village ways,
Or stirring the small pool of village thought
With now and then a pebble. He alone
Met with no answering glance;—no kindred touch

Stirred the lone depths wherein His Spirit dwelt
Apart—save, it might be, some look or tone
From the meek Mother, who had “kept these things

And pondered them.”

Was there no bruising there
Of heart and soul? The pressure, hard and slow,
Of days and years that were not wholly dark,
But only joyless. He, the Master, trod
This path—and shall the servant shrink? He knows

Each single step—the morning and the night,
That mark an empty day. I hear Him say—
“Oh! blind and wilful one—be still—be still!
Do not I lead thee through the wastes of life,
As well as through its floods? To thee the fields
Seem bare of beauty—but I gather there
The wine and myrrh of costliest sacrifice—
Fruit of the yielded will—the subject heart
That bears the bruising as I bore it once,
And crieth in its pain, but murmurs not.”

A PRAYER.

LORD, I have left my prayer with Thee,
 Yet give me one thing more—
One blessing still I ask, dear Lord,
 The richest in Thy store—
Oh! make me willing by Thy power—
 Yes, glad, with no regret,
That this my prayer may wait, and wait—
 Heard, but unanswered yet.

For though I say, “Thy will be done,”
 My heart makes its own moan—
I have no spell to still it, Lord—
 Speak Thou the word alone !
And surely, if the perfect flower,
 Lies folded in the seed—
Thou, in the yearning, struggling will,
 Wilt take, and own the deed !

NOT ALONE.

"I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

John xvi. 32.

No—not alone! not in the wilderness—

Where the dark shadows lie,

Where the very air has a shivering thrill,

As of a parting sigh;

Something dropped out of life,

Leaving it grey and chill—

A ray of its sunshine dark,

A tone of its music still.

Still—not alone! my Lord, my life is near—

The shining of His Face

Can touch the cold grey shadows into light,

E'en in a desert place.

I lay my hand on His.

Through all the roughen'd way—

I lean my heart on His,

Through all the dreary day.

No—not alone! not in the silent night,

Weary with throbs of pain,

And heavy with pressure of fevered thoughts

Weighing on heart and brain.

Does He not watch with me ?
Can I not hear His voice,
Nearer and dearer than all of earth,
Bidding my heart rejoice ?

No—not alone ! Is there no other voice
Far off, I know not where,
Of one who weeps and prays—hot tears like
mine—
Can I not hear the prayer ?
Pale lips, that softly say,
“ Father, it is Thy will ; ”
Meek hands, that bear the cross,
Folded in patience still,—

Are ye not one with me,
One in our deep true love,
One in the hope we “ see not yet ”
Of rest and light above ?
We are watching through the night,
Veiled from each other’s ken—
But the morning light is fair and sweet,
We shall know each other then ?

SUNSET DREAMS.

SLOWLY the light is fading
Down in the crimson west—
Songs half heard in the twilight
Dying softly to rest.
Broken snatches of music,
Stirring the depths that sleep,
Where Memory patient bideth
Her silent watch to keep.

Oh songs ! Oh light ! Oh silence !
Oh thoughts that come and go !
Oh sad, sweet dreams of sunset,
Whose yearning none may know—
Sad, for their backward looking
To sunsets out of sight—
Sweet, for a hope rings through them,
Of yet undying Light.

Why can I never utter
My dreamings as they rise—
Frame them in worthy setting,
Meet for other eyes ?
Why must I bear it always,
This weight of thoughts unsaid ?
Words hide, but never sound them,
Those depths unfathomèd.

The hidden core of meaning
Lies always out of reach—
A shy, withdrawing secret,
That will not yield to speech.
None but the masters show it—
For me—my lips are sealed—
I only know of something
That lieth unrevealed.

Perhaps, beyond the sunsets,
The opened lips may come ;—
Down, down among the shadows,
We wander, blind and dumb.
But there the free expression,
The purged eye and ear,
The ripened, full fruition
Of all we wait for here

IN ILLNESS.

DEAR Lord, I have no thoughts,
 No happy thoughts of Thee !
I cannot grasp the joys
 Of Thy great love to me.

Like the wild autumn clouds,
 Drifting across the sky,
Dark fancies come and go,
 Wearily—drearly.

Like the torn autumn leaves,
 Whirled in the driving rain,
My prayers seem only lost,
 Falling to earth again.

One little gleam of light,
 Oh ! joy—that Thou art near !
And then the dark—so dark—
 Thou yonder, and I here !

And yet I hardly care
 For all the blank cold space,
That seems to shut from me
 The shining of Thy Face.

I have no power to think,
I have no will to pray,
I only lie and dream,
Through the long silent day.

My hands are weak—too weak—
I cannot cling to Thee,
But, Lord, I surely know
That Thou wilt cling to me.

Thou art not far away—
It is my wandering thought—
Thy Presence still doth keep
Those whom Thy blood hath bought.

I need not strive to feel!
Enough that Thou hast died!
My spirit leans on Thee,
Jesus—the Crucified.

RESPONSES.

Oh! eyes that ache with the burden
 Of tears ye may not shed—
Oh! lips that close on cry of pain,
 For love and hope long dead ;—
There is One Who knows the anguish
 Of longing that will not sleep,—
There is One Who toucheth softly
 Wounds that are lying deep.

Oh! brows that are hot and weary
 With weight of thoughts and dreams—
Oh! hands that are lying empty,
 Grasping what only *seems* ;—
There is Love that “yieldeth seven”
 For all that life may lose,—
There is rest that falleth sweeter
 Than fragrant summer dews.

Oh! hearts that faint in the conflict,
 The wild fierce war within—
That only pray as ye wrestle,
 “Lord, make me pure of sin !”
There is One Who hears your sighing,
 And answers from Holy Place—
“My blood is thy cleansing Fountain—
 Thy victory—My grace.”

*"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE
ME TO DO?"*

My Master and my Lord !
I long to do some work, some work for Thee ;
I long to bring some lowly gift of love,
For all Thy love to me !

The harvest fields are white,—
Send me to gather there some scattered ears :
I have no sickle bright ;—but I can glean,
And bind them in with tears.

I would not choose my work ;—
The field is Thine, my Father, and my Guide ;
Send Thou me forth ; oh ! send me where Thou
wilt,
So Thou be glorified !

I need Thy strength, O Lord ;
I need the quiet heart, the subject will :
I need the patient faith that “makes no haste,”
The love that follows still.

And, if Thou wilt not send,
Then take my will, and bend it to Thine own ;
Till, in the peace no restless thought can break,
I wait,—with Thee alone.

It is not hard to wait,—
To lean my weariness on Thee for rest;
To feel, in suffering or in service still,
 My Father's choice is best.

I said, "It is not hard;"—
And yet,—and yet,—Father, forgive Thy
child!
And, through my soul's deep tumult, let me
 hear
Thy whisper, low and mild.

The darkness is not light,—
The "chastening is not joy;"—it is Thy word,
O Saviour, one with us in tears and pain,
 Our Brother and our Lord.

Yet choose Thou still for me
The harvest toil, amid the noonday heat;
Where I may gather fruit that shall not die,
 And lay it at Thy feet,—

Or the slow, silent hours,
When I must wait, and suffer, and be still;
And, in the patience which I learn from Thee,
 Accept Thy perfect will.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

"Ye have need of patience."—*Heb. x. 36.*

O ANGEL fair, whose healing touch
Falls soft upon the brow of care;
Whose quiet tones can strangely still
Earth's long, wild wailing of despair:
I need thy gentle presence now,
I need thy power to soothe and bless;
And though thy face is grave and sad,
My heart shall greet thee none the less.

I do not ask joy's sparkling glance,
I do not ask her gleeful song:
She often comes and smiles on me,
But will not tarry with me long.
But thou wilt be a constant guest—
A friend, whose ever watchful love
Shall guide and cheer my daily steps,
Till they shall reach the Home above.

I need thee in the toil and din,
The unseen discipline of life,
Where, but for thee, the strongest will
Would sink o'erwearied in the strife.
For hope is in thy steadfast eye,
And courage in thy patient smile,
That nerve my spirit to endure
The conflict of earth's "little while."

I need thee when the furnace fires,
The fires of pain, gleam red and bright,
And all the garlands Fancy twined
Are withered in their scorching light.
For thou canst teach my soul to see,
How every wreath may be a chain
To bind me fast,—unless the heat
Shall melt the molten links in twain.

And thou canst show me how the chain,
When by the furnace purified,
Becomes a fetter, pure and strong,
To draw me to my Saviour's side :
And how, although His faithful love
May make the “nether springs” to fail,
He gives my thirsting soul to drink
The “upper springs” within the veil.

I need thee in the harvest-field,
When, dazzled with the glare and heat,
I cannot see the “many sheaves”
That I would lay at Jesus' feet :
But “Patience”—is thy watchword still,
Till, when the desert path is trod,
With thankful joy I find the grain,
Safe in the treasure-house of God.

And often, too, when faith grows dim,
 And doubts, like pale, cold spectres, rise,
When full of anxious questionings,
 I turn on thee my wistful eyes,
Thine answer is a quiet word,
 That half rebukes my faithless fear :
“ God’s light shall one day clearly shine
 On all that seems mysterious here.”

O Angel-friend ! so rich to bless,
 So firm my waywardness to chide,
I daily pray that I may see
 Thy holy presence by my side.
But when at length my Father’s voice
 Shall call me to His mansions fair,
I may not grieve to part from thee,
 Because I shall not need thee there.

GUIDANCE.

"Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me."—*Ps. xxv. 5.*

LEAD me, O my Saviour, lead me,
Let Thine arms be round me still ;
Let Thy loving Spirit teach me,
Day by day, Thy perfect will.

Lead, oh ! lead me ! In my weakness,
Let me lay my hand in Thine ;
Through the mists of doubt and darkness,
Let Thy light around me shine.

Teach me ! for the noise and clamour
Of *man's* teaching dins my ear ;
Through the ever-surging tumult
Let Thy voice fall soft and clear.

Lead me, when the happy sunshine
Streams around my quiet way ;
Lest the frail heart, in its weakness,
Clasp too close some earthly stay.

Lead me when the path is dreary,
When the bitter north winds blow,
When the joy-bells of the morning
Ring out, mournfully and slow.

Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me,
Day by day, from grace to grace,
Then before Thy throne of glory,
Grant me, in Thy love, a place ;

All life's aching " pain of patience,"
All its tears for ever past ;
All its yearnings and its strivings
Stilled to endless peace at last.

Jesus, Saviour, lead, oh ! lead me ;
Let me lean upon Thy breast ;
Let Thy smile, Thy presence, cheer me,
While I journey on to rest !

WEARINESS AND REST.

SAVIOUR, I come to Thee,
A weary child, with pain and care opprest ;
Oh ! let me lean this aching, burdened heart
Upon Thy loving breast !

The way is very dark ;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears ;
Take Thou my hand, and draw me up to Thee
Through all the lonely years.

I have no strength, dear Lord ;
Oh ! let me lie where I can kiss Thy feet,
And look up from the dust into Thine eyes
That are so true and sweet !

And come, oh ! come to me,
And raise me to Thine arms, and teach me
there
The strange, deep secrets of Thy love, and
bend
To listen this my prayer.

Speak to me, soft and low,
My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life ;
One word from Thee, my Lord !

Speak to me, O my God !
There are sweet voices falling on mine ear,
Long known, long loved, but in my inmost
soul
Their tones I cannot hear.

But Thou wilt speak to me ;
And, as the river falls into the sea,
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
Shall find its rest in Thee.

CONSOLATION.

DARK are the clouds above me,
 No blue is in the sky ;
Yet, clear through storm and tempest,
 Looks down one friendly Eye.

Long is the night and cheerless,
 The storm is wild and drear ;
Yet, in my soul's deep trembling,
 She feels her Saviour near.

Fain would she reach the glory,
 The mansions fair and still ;
Yet waiteth, calm and patient,
 Her Father's blessed will.

On earth is no abiding,
 'Tis but a sinking boat,
Shattered by many a tempest,
 Wave-driven and scarce afloat.

With eyes of wistful longing,
 And eager, outstretched hand,
I stand a lonely watcher,
 To hail the far-off land.

O Thou, my Friend, my Brother,
Fain would I reach Thy side !
Yet if in storm and darkness
Thou bid'st me still abide ;

Keep Thou my spirit steadfast,
By Thine unfailing grace,
Until Thy summons calls me
To see Thee face to face.

THE END.

BOOKS, LEAFLETS, &c.

BY THE LATE

HETTY BOWMAN.

THOUGHTS FOR WORKERS AND SUFFERERS. Second Edition,	s. d
STUDIES IN THE PSALMS,	1 6
SONGS AMID THE SHADOWS,	2 0
CHRISTIAN DAILY LIFE,	1 0
CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELSIE ELLIS,	3 0
OUR VILLAGE GIRLS,	3 6
LIFE, ITS DUTIES AND DISCIPLINE,	0 6
THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE; or, Leaves from Letters,	1 9
EVELYN HOWARD,	3 6
CONFLICT AND VICTORY,	0 3
A WORD FOR THE SUFFERERS.—A CONTRAST,	0 2
LEAFLETS FOR LETTERS:—	0 1

"GUIDANCE," "WEARINESS AND REST," and "CONSOLATION,"—a four-page leaflet. 3d. per dozen.
"THE MASTER'S VOICE," and "THE BATTLE FOUGHT AND WON." 3d. per dozen.
"THE CHURCH IN DANGER." 3d. per dozen.
"IN MEMORY." 3d. per dozen.
"EVERY DAY." 1½d. per dozen.
"A PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY."—(On a Card). 4d. per dozen.

Carte de Visite of HETTY BOWMAN. One Shilling.

W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET, BRISTOL.

And all Booksellers.

THE IN MEMORIAM ALBUM.

In this Book a recognised want is met. Memorial Cards, now so generally issued on the death of beloved relatives and valued friends, after lying on our tables for a few days, are put away or lost for the want of a proper repository, which it is confidently hoped the present Album will supply. In this Book are lines "In Memory," &c., written by Mrs Gordon and the late Hetty Bowman.

The Album can be had in the following styles:—

Cloth, gilt edges, with linen guards, to hold 36 Cards	s. d
French Morocco, do. clasp, , 48 "	7 6
Morocco do. do. , 48 "	13 6
	17 6

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

And sold by all Booksellers and Stationers.

THE BIRTHDAY SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK, INTERLEAVED WITH BLANK RULED PAPER.

In this book there is a Scripture Text for every day in the year, with an appropriate verse under each. But the novel feature is the interleaving.

Opposite each printed page there is a blank leaf, intended for the autographs of friends, which can be written against the date of their birthdays.

The book, therefore, will answer a threefold purpose,—as a Daily Scripture Text-Book, a book of Autographs, and a record of the Birthdays of Friends.

SMALL EDITION (Post free).

	s. d.		s. d.
Cloth, elegant, gilt edges,	1 6	Morocco, with clasp,	3 0
Ditto, cloth, rims and clasp,	2 0	Antique Morocco, with clasp,	3 6
Leather, with tuck to turn in,	2 0	Ditto, with clasp and rims,	4 0
Do. with flaps over the leaves,	2 0	Morocco, elegant, with clasp,	5 0
Morocco, gilt edges,	2 6	Ditto, ditto, with rims,	5 6
Morocco, tuck, gilt edges,	2 6	Ivory, with rims (for wedding	
Limp calf, gilt edges,	2 6	presents),	7 6

LARGE EDITION (Post free).

	s. d.		s. d.
Cloth, elegant, gilt edges,	2 6	Best Morocco, clasp,	12 0
Morocco, gilt edges,	5 0	Ditto, clasp and rims,	12 6
Ditto, with clasp,	6 6	Ivory, rims and clasp (for	
Best Morocco, antique,	8 0	wedding presents),	21 0

THE CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY TEXT-BOOK.

INTERLEAVED.

Cloth,	1s. 0d.
Do., elegant, gilt edges,	1s. 6d.

THE CHILDREN'S DAILY TEXT-BOOK.

(NOT INTERLEAVED.)

Cloth,	6d.
------------------	-----

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.

And all Booksellers.

EVERY DAY:

A Companion to the Birthday Scripture Text-Book.

This work contains a daily meditation based upon the passage of Scripture found for each day in the BIRTHDAY SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK, and will, it is believed, prove an acceptable companion volume, especially to the praying readers of the Birthday Text-Book. Lines specially written for this volume by Mrs Gordon and the late Hetty Bowman appear therein. It is prepared in various attractive styles, suitable for presentation.

ROYAL 32MO EDITION (Post free).

s. d.
2 0
3 0
4 0
4 0
6 0
6 6

Cloth, elegant, gilt edges,
Morocco,
Best Morocco,
Limp Calf,
Best Morocco, elegant,
Ditto ditto, and clasp,

LARGER EDITION.

Cloth elegant, gilt edges,	3 6
Morocco, gilt edges,	6 0
Best ditto, red and gold edges, and clasp,	10 0

W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET, BRISTOL.

And all Booksellers.

LIGHT FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

The title of this book is suggestive of its contents. The "light" which shines throughout every page of it is derived from but one source, "The Fountain of Life,"—a source so inexhaustible, that the more channels there are opened wherein its streams may flow, the more infinite do its resources appear. In this volume are to be found one hundred and sixty-nine of the most striking of the questions asked either by the Lord Himself, or by Him through His servants of old, in the Scriptures. To each of these questions is added a limited number of appropriate references directly in answer, or, if not so, bearing upon it in such a way that an answer may be readily inferred.

The questions are classified under the following headings:—God—Christ—The Holy Ghost—Providence—Doctrines—Gospel—Comfort—Duties—Expostulations—Reproofs—Threats—Death—The End.

The Book is printed in bold type, and can be had in the following styles:—

s. d.
1 0
2 0

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.

LONDON: BOOK SOCIETY, 28 PATERNOSTER ROW.

And all Booksellers.

THE ALBUM SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK.

INTERLEAVED.

This Book presents a daily text, along with a verse of a hymn, for meditation ; blank pages also are inserted, on which dates and events of special interest may be noted down.

The large edition is printed on thick toned paper, and is intended to lie on the drawing-room table, as a companion to the photographic album. It is admirably suited for a gift to a youthful couple on their marriage-day.

SMALL EDITION.	s. d.	LARGE EDITION.	s. d.
Embossed cloth, gilt edges,	1 6	Cloth, elegantly bound,	12 6
Limp calf,	3 0	Morocco, antique, . . .	18 6
Morocco	3 0	Ditto, with clasp, . . .	21 0
Ditto, with clasp, . . .	3 6		

THE KEEPSAKE SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK.

INTERLEAVED.

With Preface by Rev. J. C. Ryle.

SMALL EDITION.	s. d.	LARGE EDITION.	s. d.
Cloth, gilt,	1 6	Cloth gilt, bevelled boards,	2 6
Leather tuck,	2 0	French Morocco, gilt edges,	4 0
French Morocco, gilt edges,	2 6	Morocco, gilt,	6 6
Best Morocco, elegant, .	3 6	Ditto, clasp,	7 6
Do. antique, with clasp, .	5 0	Do. with rims and clasp, .	10 6
Ivory, with gilttrims and clasp, 6	0	Ivory, with rims and clasp,	17 6

THE MOTHER'S TEXT-BOOK.

A SUITABLE BOOK FOR PRESENTATION TO MOTHERS.

Cloth, gilt edges, . . . 1s. 6d. | French Morocco, . . . 2s. 6d.

THE DAILY SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK.

32mo (not interleaved), . . . 6d. | 8vo (not interleaved), . . . 6d

CHEERING TEXTS FOR DAYS OF TRIAL.

A COMPANION FOR INVALIDS.

Limp cloth, gilt, 6d. | Cloth boards, red edges, . . . 1s.

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.

And all Booksellers.

THE HAVEN OF REST,

AND

THE VOYAGE TO IT.

This is an allegorical narrative, designed to illustrate christian life, experience, and practice. It is graphic, full of incident, and conveys much instruction in scriptural truth and practical religion in a pleasant and novel manner. The book may well be described as presenting OLD TRUTHS IN A NEW DRESS.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

Neatly bound in cloth, with a map, showing the course of the voyagers from the town of Veil-over to the Haven of Rest.

CONTENTS.

1. Ambassadors from the King of Grace visit the town of Veil-over, and address the inhabitants.—2. Interest awakened. A family conversation. Ambassadors visited by inquirers in the House of Counsel.—3. First visit to the Ark-for-us Fleet. The Ship Safety. Scenes viewed.—4. Zealous efforts, and the treatment of those who made them. The departure of the voyagers from Veil-over.—5. The vessels of the Ark-for-us described. First incidents of the voyage. Scenes.—6. A Storm and Shipwreck. The rescue of some on board the vessel.—7. Instruction classes for young voyagers,—their Teachers,—Spiritual Arithmetic—Nature and Grace.—8. Captain Experience gives some account of Onway Isle, and its towns—Profession, Work-for-Him, and Bear-for-Him.—9. Titus Watchless ensnared—His recovery.—10. Cyrus Soundman, Richard Peaceful, and Oliver Goodage relate their experience.—11. An encounter with three ships of the enemy—Infidelia, Rationalia, Romania. The result of the battle.—12. The Whirlpool—false ships engulfed. A wreck upon Legion Ridge. Danger Isle.—13. A dead calm—Mr Wakeful's address to his fellow-voyagers. Captain Showgood's scenes.—14. Onway Isle reached. A farewell meeting with the captains.—15. The Metropolis of Onway. Various communities of voyagers described.—16. Rescued ones tell their tale of deliverance. The drunkard, the gambler, the swearer, the avaricious man.—17. A Conference. The King grants a petition. Harvest Home.—18. The marriage of Henry Thoughtful—The evening party—Mr Venerable's counsel to young people—Mr Worldling's party—19. The Towns of Bear-for-Him and Work-for-Him visited—20. The voyage from Onway to Advance Land—Captain Experience gives some account of the latter.—21. The passage through the strait between Assault and Temptation. Severe conflict. Advance Land reached.—22. Mr Godliman's account of the town of Maturity with its four districts—Humility, Purity, Gratitude, and Charity.—23. News from Onway. A journey—a halt at Communion. The village of Seclusion—Friendly visits. Old Oliver's echo.—24. Social meeting at Mr Trustworthy's. Conversation respecting the Heavenly Home.—25. Some of the voyagers reach the Haven of Rest. “To die is gain.” Nearing Isle—A fearful chasm.—26. Mr Goodheed's happy departure. Conclusion.

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.
LONDON: BOOK SOCIETY, 28 PATERNOSTER ROW.
And all Booksellers.

BY MR. G. MÜLLER,

OF THE ASHLEY DOWN ORPHAN HOUSES, BRISTOL.

HOW TO PROMOTE THE GLORY OF GOD. An Address at a United Prayer Meeting. Price 1d.

FUNERAL SERMON OF THE LATE MRS GEORGE MÜLLER, OF BRISTOL. Price 2d.

SATISFIED WITH GOD. Addresses delivered shortly after the death and at the funeral of Mrs Müller. Price 1d.

CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND RISEN WITH CHRIST. An Address. Price 1d.

THE SECRET OF EFFECTUAL SERVICE TO GOD. An Address. Price 1d.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. The Substance of two Addresses. Price 1d.

CHILDREN OF GOD BY FAITH IN CHRIST JESUS. Price 1d.

THE WORD SENT, AND THE WORD WRITTEN. Price 1d.

WALKING BY FAITH. Price 1d.

THE MIGHTY GOD, AND WAITING FOR HIM. Two Addresses. Price 1d.

LEANING UPON THE BELOVED. Price one Halfpenny, or, 6d. per dozen.

BY REV. DR DOUDNEY,

VICAR OF ST LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL.

HAPPY JOHN, THE DYING POLICEMAN. Price 1d. ; larger edition, 2d.

OLD JONATHAN'S HYMN-BOOK. Price 2d.

“YET:” A Motto for all Times and Seasons. Being a Selection of Texts, in which God’s Promises and Faith’s Plea are most encouragingly Presented. Price 2s.

FAITH’S PROVINCE AND PRIVILEGE to Look up from the World and Sin and Satan, unto Him who is “mighty to save,” and “able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” (Printed in large type for aged persons.) Price 2s.

WORDS FOR WEARY ONES. Price 1s. 6d.

SERVICE AT HOME for the Young Folks in Schools and Families, for Wet Sundays and Winter Evenings. Price 3s.

BIBLE LIVES AND BIBLE LESSONS; or, Gleanings from the Book of Genesis. Price 3s.

TRY, AND TRY AGAIN. A Book for Boys. With Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE REV. JOHN TARR. Price 2s. 6d.

BRISTOL: W. MACK, 38 PARK STREET.

And all Booksellers.

Waukegan
1000 feet

